



Black Out Days by **LittlexNightingale**

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Summary: Life is a story. What does yours say? Haunted by the demons of her past, Evelyn recalls the events that lead up to her tragic death in the spring of 1989.

Black Out Days

In light of the 2019 movie, I decided to put this out. Hopefully I'll get my butt in gear and keep this going. Mind the warnings; this story may seem a little dark to some.

The picture on the title screen is a commission I requested to quincy-sue on tumblr. Do not steal it.

Life is a story. What does yours say? Karen Perkins – by nature, a devoted extrovert – asked this. She no doubt took this quote from one of her erotic novels and applied it into her sessions when inspired.

Frankly, when first asked this, Evelyn snorted in contempt. It was a nonsensical question in her opinion; too vague to answer. She just laughed and shrugged it off, stating that she wasn't certain. Wasn't that the reason she was in these sessions? To figure out what her future would bring?

Karen would prattle on non-stop like an old biddy about how important it was for the difficult teen to vent; to tell her story. But then again, there was nothing she already didn't know about Evelyn. Her file was thick enough to make into a handful of short stories – nothing more could be said.

"I can't help if you don't help yourself," the amiable woman said, one unfortunate afternoon. A new approach was needed. She knew that no progress would be met this day. "Let me rephrase the question a bit, and when you go home, think about it. If I were to write a story with you in the lead role ... what kind of story would it be?"

Evelyn immediately knew the answer. Though she opted not to say it, unaware that she'd never meet with Karen Perkins again. In fact, she would never be seen again after this day. Making a promise she'd soon break, Evelyn grabbed her school bag and exited the room – the symbolic final act.

Evelyn Mathews, or as everybody knew her by: Eve, was 5 when her

father passed away – her mother signed away her parental rights shortly after she was born, a story she no longer cared to remember. Her uncle took her in, cared for her a little too much. Subjected to the harsh reality of sexual abuse – more or less for 7 long years – she came to realize that her story was not one for the faint of heart.

Her role, like many who underwent the same horrors, seemed petty. She had no idea how important it would be; how useful it would be to Mike Hanlon 27 years later. However, for it to be told, Evelyn had to die. She never would have expected that in the late spring of 1989 she would lose her life to a circus clown.

Or had it been one at all?

IT – Evelyn wrote, keeping notes in a six inch diary Karen Perkins asked her to maintain; intended to be used as a way to vent her thoughts – had not come to her at first as the clown, but as Jack Mathews; a fat, redundant sack of shit, who in 1986 was bludgeoned to death by a fellow inmate in Shawshank State Prison.

It could have never been him. He got what he deserved, Evelyn had to remind herself. Uncle Jack had been dead for nearly three years; out of sight and out of mind. Even so, she had to be sure. The fear was eating her alive.

A week before summer break, the curious teen went back to the most recent location she had seen him; 29 Neibolt Street. Sating her paranoid mind, Evelyn went inside. Her search was quick and over in a matter of minutes as she located the empty, dust covered bedroom that she had been looking for. She pushed the door closed behind her and moved warily across the room.

A window with stained, yellow glass overlooked the street below; the same one Evelyn had seen Jack Mathews standing behind, smiling at her as he motioned for her to come up.

But he wasn't there, not really.

Just your mind playing tricks on you, girlie. Somehow the reassuring words of her foster sister came to haunt her in this moment of peril. Julia Hall didn't believe her, but she understood why; she was

basically nuts. The violent breakdown she had back in December caused all this; caused everybody to pity her. Karen Perkins told her that whatever she had been seeing was only in her mind – years of held in trauma coming to a head.

But she was wrong; Julia was wrong. Something was preying on her fear.

A sudden deep and familiar voice broke the eerie stillness of the house, snarling at her like an old dog. The rattled teen shot a look behind her and was relieved to see that nothing was there – voices were becoming a regular experience. A pleased sigh left her painted lips as she returned her attention back to the scenery outside the window, noticing that the sun was soon to set.

I really am insane.

Set on going home, she circled around. Except someone blocked her from the door. When she recognized who, Evelyn gasped in shock. Jack was there; he truly was. Only, he was supposed to be dead. The right half of his head was caved in, eye dangling from the socket in a grisly display of blood and optic nerves. It reminded her strongly of paddle ball. She had to control the urge to vomit, biting her tongue between her teeth.

"Evie ... you came." His voice was just as she had remembered; soft and not like a monster should sound.

Her voice was just as gentle. "I h-had to know. But you can't be h-here, because this isn't real. I'm sick ... sick because of everything you put me through."

"I'm sorry. You know I'd never hurt you, Evie. You know I lo—

"Shut your fucking mouth," Evelyn barked. Warm tears blurred her sight, heart beating so loud she could hear it. "You did this ... you did this to me."

She hated it; every bit of it. But seeing him there – illusion or not – it scared her. The shaken teen couldn't stop her tears.

"Why? Tell me why you're doing this to me, you fucking bastard?"

Why are you in my head?"

Jack curled his nose. The eye hanging down on his cheek bobbed. "Don't lift your voice to me girl. I raised you to show respect. Now bring your ass over here."

This was the monster she knew. Shaking her head in disagreement, she wanted nothing to do with him. But, his power alone was enough to move her. Evelyn obeyed. She figured that if she was near him, her mind would shatter the illusion. Drifting ever closer, she halted within arms reach and brought up her hand to touch him.

Her extended fingers met flesh; cold dead flesh.

"You're ... real."

She felt the pain before the awareness of the situation hit her. Jack's mouth was filled with multiple rolls of sharp teeth, similar to that of a shark. In his mouth was two of her fingers; middle and ring. The bloody remains leaked down his chin like drool.

Screaming in horror, Evelyn slipped on her blood in a violent rush to separate herself from him. The diary she kept in her waistband tumbled out and bounced across the floor. She reached for it, grabbed it with her mangled hand, and tried to flee. However, the monster that was her abusive uncle, again buried his teeth into her neck.

All she saw before she died was the face of a clown; a monster with silver dollar eyes.

A tragedy ... that's what my story would be.